

If I ever were to lose you, I'd surely lose myself

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If I ever were to lose you, I'd surely lose myself

by [sircantus](#)

Summary

They took his life, not just the air in his lungs but the love in his heart. They took away his ability to hold his children close, they took him *away*.

Phil wants the world to burn at his feet for daring to steal his world from his arms, but revenge honestly isn't the priority here.

All he wants is for his sons to come home.

[Not Canon to the main Change fate storyline, this is basically a spin-off on the what-if idea of Phil being killed, then being brought back to life in the middle of Tommy, Techno, and Wilbur destroying the world in their grief.]

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Chapter 1

Phil keeps seeing that goddamned letter.

Wilbur's letter. Wilbur's words, his message, plastered across the lands for all to see. A single warning, to everyone who's ever seen it. It's put up on church walls, nailed into roadside posts. It's put up at every door in every town. Everyone seems to know it, everyone seems to be filled with dread whenever it's brought up.

Our dad died scared and alone, surrounded by men who were cruel and lacked mercy. He died without a goodbye, you took him away without letting us say goodbye-

Phil wishes he didn't feel the sharp fear that sits in his chest. It's suffocating, painful, and sometimes, Phil wants to drop to his knees and scream and tell everyone to stay away, and scream for his sons to just return to him already.

The closer Phil gets to his sons, the more chaos and destruction he comes across. The towns that are still left standing are lawless, people running around as if it's the end times, and Phil can't help but snort at the realization that it in fact is. This is supposed to be the end times. The apocalypse, the thing to finish everyone off. Phil knows in his heart that's not how it'll go, not with him trying to find his children, but everyone else, they're already fallen in panic.

Evacuations, refugees, survivors and the such, Phil sees it all pass by. He's practically ignored, with the rush of everyone trying to figure out what to do, how to run. Phil entertains the idea of figuring out where they might go, but he eventually just leaves those towns behind, and continues on his way.

Phil comes across the ruins that are left behind. They become more common as Phil gets closer, and while he looks upon the bloodstains and the burnt remains, all he can do is give a quiet sigh.

He doesn't feel anything for it.

It's a horrific sight, no doubt. A terrible thing that's happened. Innocent lives, an innocent town, ripped away and burnt to ashes, nothing left standing.

But the destruction isn't what picks at him. It's the idea that the same hands that created this sort of devastation are the same hands Phil has held, has cared for. The same 'monsters' that did all of this are the same monsters that woke up Phil for their nightmares when they were young, are the same monsters who would bicker and sing over the dinner table, they're the same monsters who look to Phil and ask a million questions, and Phil would answer them all, heart full and happy, and-

And he doesn't have that anymore, does he.

No.

They took it from him. The idiots who killed him have broken apart what he used to have, and Phil can't even handle the idea that he might've never had it ever again, if he was not brought back from death. If he stayed gone, then this would be all that would become of his family. Monsters who follow through to a foolish prophecy. Monsters who tear apart the world and leave it in ruins.

Phil stands in the middle of a town that once was, and he sees a skull sitting innocently on the ground. A single skull, a single life, snuffed out by the grief and rage of his children. Even with the ruthless thought, Phil can't help but smile at the bones before him.

In a way, it's satisfying, to have revenge acted out in his name. He was killed on the ground, he was mocked and kicked before being stabbed through the chest, and even just thinking about it- it's not a good memory. It fills him with a quiet fury, and a terrible fear that leaves him near tears.

And while that death is something he is furious for, he is even more enraged over what they took with his death. They took his life, not just the air in his lungs but the love in his heart. They took away his ability to hold his children close, they took him *away*.

Phil wants the world to burn at his feet for daring to steal his world from his arms, but revenge honestly isn't the priority here.

All he wants is for his sons to come home. After this, after the death left behind, maybe that'll be a good enough warning. Maybe that'll be enough to tell everyone to stay away. To leave his children alone. To leave his home alone. To leave *him* alone, for good.

This destruction so far, from what he's seen, is an excellent warning.

A show of what they can really do. A message of 'this can't be stopped, so don't start it again'.

Phil smiles and chokes back the way he wants to scream. Instead he curls his fists at his sides and breathes in slowly, and continues to fly, past the broken towns, past the remains of lives that once were.

He continues to see those damned letters.

My little brother cries each night. I cannot console him-

Phil lands in towns to rest, and those who see him and see his wings regard him as some sort of horrific spirit, coming to truly haunt them. They give whatever he asks, tell him to please spare their lives. Phil just laughs in their face, but that terrifies them even more, and Phil quickly grows tired of always being feared whenever he speaks. He misses the loving looks his family would always give him, without fail.

We carried his body home.

We buried him under the mountain he raised us by-

Phil starts to rip those letters, each time he sees them.

He hates how each word is becoming burnt into his memory, and how he can practically know it by heart, now. He hates it. He hates the fact the letter had to be written at all. And he hates how it's taking far too long for him to get to his sons.

We would have left you alone, we would have let you live your lives peacefully, if you hadn't taken him away-

Phil can't fly as long as he used to, before. The amulet around his neck is broken, and Phil can't last in the air for days on end, he can't ignore sleep and shrug off the exhaustion. He's forced to rest, forced to waste time, and he hates it.

We would have never been like this if you hadn't taken him away from us.

The next time Phil sees that *goddamned* letter, he burns a house down to the ground. No one stops him, no one dares to get in his way. He watches the flames burn, and everyone stands silently, hands over their mouths, eyes wide, barely moving at all, as if they make any sudden movements, it'll set Phil off.

They regard Phil as a monster with no mercy, someone who will kill at the drop of a hat. They look at him and his wings and there is nothing but disbelief and horror in their expressions, and Phil feels tired of it.

Let them think of him as a monster. He can be known as the most terrible, blood-thirsty monster in the lands, ever in history. He can be known as the Angel of Death, the killer of the innocent, all the titles, all the rumors. He won't even care if they don't regard him as someone alive, someone with feelings, he doesn't care what they think or say or do, he just wants his family back in his arms.

He just wants his sons.

And so he finally catches up with them.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

“Gods, this isn’t real- ” Techno responds, and he pulls back, just enough so he can look Phil in the eyes, holding his face in his blood-soaked hands. He looks so hopeful, looks so desperate for the chance of this being his family he lost, and Phil cries, giving a small smile. “Dad?” He asks, nearly whispering, careful and scared, and Phil forces himself to nod.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The sun is just barely setting as Phil sees the smoke, and his back aches from how far he’s been flying. He needs proper rest now, he doesn’t have the convenient magic of healing so quickly. But the second he sees that smoke, the moment he sees a town, far off, being swallowed in flames, Phil feels a hope rise up in his chest. A desperate hope, one that feels a bit out of place or the destruction that is being made, yet Phil flies as fast as he can.

He practically crashes into the ground, rolls across the dirt and gravel, and he ignores the pain in his limbs, and instead breaks out into a run. He runs, heart beating too fast and a constant mantra of ‘please let them be here, please, please-’

The smoke makes him choke, and he can feel the ground underneath his feet rumble. To those who are around him, the ground moving makes them scream and scatter, makes them cry out of fear. To Phil, it gives nothing but a crushing hope, and he wants to scream, so he does.

“TOMMY!” Phil screams, past the chaos of the town and the flames burning loudly, taking everything in their path. “TECHNOBLADE!”

Soot and ash stick to Phil’s boots, and fresh blood stains are splattered across the ground. People are running past him, trying to run away, and Phil ignores the shocked looks, the wide eyes pointed at him.

Someone yells at him to run, to get towards safety, and Phil ignores it.

Someone reaches out for him, to pull him away from the danger he's running towards, and they jerk back from Phil upon seeing his wings. Phil continues to run as if they never touched him at all.

"WILBUR!" Phil cries, turning down the street, stopping for just a moment to try and catch his breath, and he coughs with the smoke, moving farther into the street, into somewhere with better air. He's surrounded by fire, surrounded by crumbling houses, and he can't see where his sons might be, in this chaos.

Far off, further down the street, Phil spots a few people, scattered around and standing still as their town burns around them. They're not panicking, they're not screaming.

Just standing still. Perfectly still, as if someone is holding them there. Phil regards them with a bit of confusion, and he goes to move towards them, and only then, does the song reach his ears.

It's Wilbur's voice.

It's Wilbur's voice, *his* Wilbur, his little boy, and Phil's heart gives out, tears threatening to blur out his vision. The familiar sweet notes float through the air and find their way into his head, and Phil can't take another step.

He can hardly move, can hardly do much, and he can just only stay perfectly still, like a statue.

The song that echoes out forces Phil to keep in place, and he cries in place, feeling crushing relief on his shoulders along with a frantic need to keep going. He wants to keep running towards that song, towards Wilbur, but the very words in the air won't let him.

He's used to this feeling. Wilbur's practiced his *voice* on Phil before, never for something like this, he could never do that to Phil, not willingly. But he has done it, and Phil knows the feeling of heavy magic on his skin.

Phil has to use everything in him to coax his own legs to move, and he takes a single step after a solid minute of effort. He tries again, and takes two more steps, before needing to stop. It's too slow. It's too taxing, he's exhausted from the trip here, and fighting against Wilbur's singing is difficult, even for him.

Wilbur continues to sing his song, unknowing of the fact Phil's caught in it too. He continues to sing and sing with a sweet sorrow in his voice and Phil grits his teeth, and tries desperately to take another step. He wants to rush forward, he wants to find Wilbur, wants to comfort him and make him stop with this singing that holds so much pain. He wants to wrap his wings around Wil and block out the world and the suffering it's caused him.

Glancing up at the other people down the street, Phil wonders if they're trying to do what he's doing. Trying to move, trying to run away. Phil will have better results than them, with himself being accustomed to this magic, to the effects of Wilbur's songs. But even so, he wonders, why, exactly, would Wilbur make them stand so still?

Just as he thinks that, something steps right through the flames. A sword swings out, cuts down a person in its way, and Phil can only watch as a life is snuffed out, right down the street. The blood stains the ground, and a body hits the floor.

There's a choked out scream of terror from one of the people standing still, and they too, fall to the ground in pieces, a sword cutting through their throat.

Phil gives out a ragged gasp, and Technoblade turns his wrath to the next person, eyes burning with something more ferocious than the fire around them. He's covered in blood, his clothes and hands soaked in red. Techno ignores the flames licking at his heels, as if the heat isn't even there, and the way he holds himself tells that he is only on a single mission to kill whatever is in his path.

Every inch of him looks like a monster from anyone's worst nightmare, looks like a proper threat. He looks like a creature that belongs in the nether, something that thrives in that

hellish world, and even with such an appearance, Phil sees him, sees his child, and can only choke back a sob, and force out-

“Techno.” Phil grits out, through his teeth, like it pains him to say it. He’s locked in place, with Wilbur’s song swirling around him, and it’s hard to even breathe. He can’t tell if it’s because of the smoke, or because of the shock, or because of the magic that sits on his shoulders.

Technoblade goes still, suddenly, eyes narrowing towards the ground, and he lifts his head towards Phil. He had heard that. Phil knows, he had heard his name, his nickname. Who would ever dare to call Technoblade, the Blood god, ‘Techno’ during his bloodshed? Techno’s hearing is terrifyingly good, and Phil knows, he heard it, he heard-

Phil feels something inside him break as Technoblade meets his eyes, something shifting in his expression. Phil makes one more effort to move, one more desperate use of his energy, and he stretches out his wings, pushing against the song holding him in place.

He stretches out his wings, his symbol of being the last avian, being the only person that’s ever gone so far to protect the bringers of the apocalypse. He is the only one left to have these wings, and he knows Technoblade will see those wings and know exactly *who* just said his name.

Techno’s face changes entirely, it crumbles into something of disbelief of hesitant hope and joy, and his eyes are wide as he hesitates for just a second, just a second of staring and taking in the sight of Phil, right there, alive and standing in the middle of this burning town.

Then he runs, throwing his sword to the ground and rushing across the road, faster than he’s ever gone. He runs with outstretched arms, a desperate cry being ripped from his throat, and Phil wishes he could lift his arms to meet him in the middle.

Technoblade is stained with red, so many lives ended with his hands, and yet Phil can’t see a monster, all he can see is Techno, his Techno, running to him with tears threatening to overflow from his eyes-

Phil is almost knocked over with the solid weight that hits him, and arms wrap around him and pull him close, holding him so tightly that it nearly hurts. Hands brush over his shoulders, his feathers, and to his neck, checking for a pulse as Phil gets held close to Techno's chest.

Phil closes his eyes and lets himself cry quietly, drowning in relief and the comfort of finally having his family near. Technoblade keeps his hand over Phil's chest, over where his beating heart stays, and his words are choked out and weak.

"-you were gone, you were dead, how can-?" Technoblade checks his pulse again, a second time, a third, and he runs his hands through Phil's feathers once more. "-this can't be real, this isn't real, isn't it-?"

"Techno." Phil is able to get out, a sob of pure relief, and Technoblade holds him even tighter.

"Gods, this isn't *real*-" Techno responds, and he pulls back, just enough so he can look Phil in the eyes, holding his face in his blood-soaked hands. He looks so hopeful, looks so desperate for the chance of this being his family he lost, and Phil cries, giving a small smile. "Dad?" He asks, nearly whispering, careful and scared, and Phil forces himself to nod.

'It's me, I'm here.' He wants to say. 'I'll never leave again, I promise you, I'm so sorry-'

Technoblade hugs him close again, and Phil closes his eyes. He ignores the flames burning around them, he ignores the smoke drifting through the air, he ignores the blood sticking to his clothes, coming from Techno himself. He tries to lean into Techno, tries to communicate as much as he can that he is here, he's right here, and he loves Techno so, so much.

"Dad, dad, you're-" Technoblade says, pulling back after a long moment, looking over Phil. "You're-" He cuts off again, hands resting at the sides of Phil's arms, and he looks at the way Phil stands still, even with the desperate look in his eyes, he isn't making a move to hug Techno back, isn't trying to wrap his wings around him, like he's always done with his hugs.

Finally, then, it clicks for Techno that Wilbur's song is still flowing through the air.

“Wil.” Technoblade breathes out, eyes wide. “He’s- Oh, *shit*- ”

Phil almost wants to snort with the pure panic in Techno’s voice. He can’t really move, though, and instead, he watches as Technoblade turns around, towards where Wilbur must be, and he takes the tiniest step away from Phil, before deciding otherwise and hugging him again.

“Ok, no, no, I’m not leaving you here, come on.” Technoblade tells him, and he moves to pick Phil up off the ground, arms held carefully underneath the back of his legs and the back of his wings. “Sorry.” He says, for the uncomfortable position of being held, his wings being a bit squished. Phil can’t say anything to protest, but if he could speak more easily, he would say it’s alright.

Technoblade breaks into a sprint, holding onto Phil tightly as he rushes through the burning town. He runs past the people still standing, he runs past his discarded sword, and he makes his way through the flames. Phil notices how he tries to avoid the worst of it, tries to keep Phil shielded away from the burning fire, and Phil just closes his eyes, feeling wet tears on his face.

“WILBUR!” Technoblade yells, Phil’s head swimming as they get closer. Wilbur’s voice is so familiar, and his song is so painful, and Phil wishes he could cover his ears.

Phil feels exhausted, the relief and the shock and the long days of traveling catching up to him, and the world blurs out into nothing but the warmth of the flames, and Wilbur’s voice, echoing in his ears, echoing in his head.

It’s a bittersweet thing, finally having his sons back with him. Finally having his family back within arms reach.

Techno, he had looked at Phil with such a love in his eyes, such a careful hope and such fierce sorrow, and Phil wonders just how much his children had grieved while he was gone. Will Tommy have that haunted look on his face? Will he have bloodied hands? Wilbur, will he too, be terrified and hurt? Will they all forever be this, forever be stuck in the push of their anger and revenge?

Phil doesn't care if so.

Gods, he doesn't care.

His children can stain the world with blood, innocent blood, *his* blood, and he will not care, because he will love them so, even with anything they do.

Even with what they've done, even with what they might do, they will always be his sons.

"-dad?" Wilbur's voice rings out, quiet and hoarse, the song having stopped, the heavy feeling being lifted from Phil's limbs. "Dad, please-"

"Wake up!" Tommy yells, small hands grabbing at the front of Phil's shirt, and Phil opens his eyes, Wilbur pressing his palms against Phil's face. "Dad!"

Phil blinks, the world coming back slowly, and he sees the faces of Wilbur and Tommy, kneeling in front of him, and-

"Hey." Phil says, more mouthing the word rather than saying it, but it's good enough. Tommy lunges forward into Phil's arms, and Phil wraps an arm around him, holds him tightly to his chest as Tommy sobs into his shirt. His other arm reaches out towards Wilbur, hand resting at the back of Wil's head as Wilbur rests his forehead against Phil's, a broken, overjoyed cry coming from his throat.

Technoblade is sitting behind Phil, holding him upright, and Phil can feel the way Technoblade presses his face into his feathers, and cries.

Phil smiles, and cries with them.

Chapter End Notes

one more chapter to go :)

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

There's a certain exhaustion that comes with such bone-crushing relief at finding your loved ones safe.

And considering the non-stop travel he's been doing these past few weeks, along with the jumbled up emotions that were eating him alive with each and every day, that exhaustion just hits even harder the *second* the weight of worry is lifted off Phil's back.

His vision swims a bit, with tears, with the smoke, and with the urge to just pass out in his family's arms, warm, loved, and safe. His hands won't stop trembling, no matter how much he digs his fingers into the back of Tommy's shirt, just above those still growing wings that are folded tightly closed behind the teen's back.

Phil keeps trying to breathe, tries his damn best to calm down, so he can speak, can say something, but he's drowning in his own tears and he can't force out much else than pathetic sobs as his mind continues to be a solid mantra of 'they're alright, they're safe, they're *okay*.'

It's not as if his sons are any better than him in terms of emotions.

Tommy is very nearly screaming into Phil's chest, holding on so tightly to Phil that his claws are poking through the fabric of Phil's shirt, and he can feel the sharp edges against his skin. He grabs onto Phil like he's going to disappear into thin air, and he cries as if he's been wounded and left for dead.

Wilbur is startlingly quiet, tears streaming down his face as he makes barely any noise at all as he cries. He presses his forehead against Phil's, closing his eyes and resting a hand onto Tommy's shoulder, a slow, shaky smile creeping across his face. It's a careful, fragile thing, but it's pure, sweet joy, and Phil tries his best to keep his eyes open so he can see it, see Wilbur.

Technoblade has gone dead still, nearly like a statue, but his presence is solid and sure from behind Phil. Phil can feel the way Techno presses his palms against his feathers and keeps them there, like he's trying to convince himself that the feeling against his skin is real. He presses his face into Phil's wings, like he's trying to hide himself away from the world, and hide the grief that had swallowed him up whole. His cries aren't nearly as loud as Tommy's, but they ring in Phil's ears either way.

"It's alright-" Phil chokes out, a desperate urge to calm them down and hold them close. He frantically wipes at the tears on his face, trying to force them to stop. Wrapping one of his arms tightly around Tommy, he buries his fingers into the back of Wilbur's hair, raising his chin and pressing a kiss onto Wil's hairline. "It's *alright*, I'm here, I'm here-"

I will never leave again, I promise you, I swear to the universe itself- is what he wants to say, but the words are stuck in his throat, and he can hardly speak.

Techno makes a small, broken noise behind Phil's back, and Phil twists around, trying to reach for Techno and drag him away from where he's hiding behind Phil, hiding in his wings, just like how he used to do when he was small.

"Your wings are ok." Techno whispers, with a slight bit of wonder woven into his voice. "It's like you never fell."

"I-" Phil blinks, feels fear fill up his lungs, and he's reminded of the horrific feeling of falling out of the sky, enemies dragging him down to their feet, weapons raised and sharp yells thrown out-

"Shut up, shut the *fuck* up-" Tommy blurts out, his words falling from his lips as if they're just spilling out without his permission. "I don't want- I don't wanna talk about that. I just want this." He settles even more into Phil's chest, pressing his face into his shirt. "I missed *this*."

Wilbur gives a small laugh, barely a chuckle, as his smile forms into a tear-filled grin. "I think we all have." He whispers out, just under his breath, and even with how softly he says it, his words still waver.

"I missed *you*." Tommy tells Phil, quiet, fragile, honest and true, and it shatters something deep inside of Phil.

He leans back against Techno, eyes wide and overflowing with tears, and he gives a small nod, biting his tongue until he tastes blood. "I'm so sorry." He says, trying to blink until his vision is clear. "I'm sorry, I-"

"Don't apologize, Phil." Wilbur cuts him off, and only now does Phil catch on to just how scratchy Wil's voice is, overused and sore. "It makes it sound like it's your fault for dying."

"It was- The hunters who did it, they're- gone." Techno stammers out.

"They're dead." Tommy says bluntly, a little bitter, and Phil huffs.

"They're dealt with." Technoblade rewords, and Phil has a feeling that there wasn't ever a chance in hell that his killers would have been able to make it out alive, after what they've done. "That was a while ago, but at least- you know."

"It's been too long." Wilbur says, and Phil holds a hand up and places it over Wilbur's mouth, Wil opening his eyes with a slight bit of confusion.

"Your voice has gone to *shit*, mate." Phil says, and Tommy begins to cry all over again with the familiarity of Phil's scolding. "Stop talking. It sounds like it hurts." Wilbur just shakes his head, pulling Phil's hand off with a grip that's so frighteningly gentle it's as if Phil is made of glass. (In all honesty, he feels a bit like glass. Shattered, barely held together glass.)

"I can stand a bit of a sore throat if I-" Wil pauses, swallowing with a slight grimace. "If I can talk to *you* again-"

"Don't speak, don't speak-" Phil whispers out, holding his palm up against Wilbur's cheek as Tommy cries quietly into his shoulder. "Don't say a word."

"I'm okay." Wilbur chokes out, and his voice is dried up, hoarse and broken, but it's full of hope, overwhelming, crushing relief. He speaks like he's found the most wonderful thing in the universe, and he looks at Phil as if he's hung the stars. "*You're* okay, you're-"

"What did I just say?" Phil scolds, laughing a little as Wilbur leans into his palm with a shaky smile. "I've missed you too, but please, don't talk. Rest your voice." He moves his attention to Tommy in his arms. "And you two- are you both okay? Are you hurt? Techno? I can't tell if any of that blood is yours."

"None of it is mine." Technoblade answers simply, and that should horrify Phil just a bit, with the lives taken by Techno's hands, but all it does is calm Phil's worries for a moment. "I'm fine."

"Tommy?" Phil says, pulling his hand away from Wil so he can lift up Tommy's face towards his. "Oh, Tommy." Phil sighs, trying to wipe tears off of the teen's face as he continues to cry, hiccuping with gritted teeth. "It's okay, mate."

"It's *not* okay-" Tommy cries, eyes squeezed shut as Phil runs his thumbs over the scales scattered on his face. "You weren't- I thought-"

"I'm here now, I'm here." Phil soothes, speaking so softly that it only makes Tommy cry even more. "I won't go. I won't go anywhere."

"I saw- I saw you dead, Techno had to- we had to carry you home-"

"Shh."

"We *buried* you - "

“Never again, mate.” Phil shakes his head. “Never again, look, I’m alright. Do you see? I’m just alright.” He lifts Tommy’s hand and holds it over his beating heart, Tommy’s face scrunching up into something indescribable. Phil wants to hold him close and never let go.

So he does.

He leans back and twists in place to wrap an arm around Techno, and pulls in Wilbur so he can wrap his wings around the three of them, pulling them as close to him as he can. Techno leans into his side, fitting his head into the curve of Phil’s neck, and Wilbur smiles wide as he presses his head against Phil’s once more. Tommy’s hands have finally loosened their grip on Phil’s shirt, but he keeps his arms around Phil’s middle, and doesn’t budge one bit.

“As long as you’re all okay, as long as all you’re alright-” Phil says, trying to keep his voice steady. “Then it’s alright.”

“You weren’t alright.” Tommy mutters. “You were dead.”

“I got better.” Phil chuckles a bit, and Tommy just makes a small noise in his throat, trying to practically merge into Phil and be as close as possible, listening to that now beating heart in his chest. “I’m better.” Phil repeats, and he sighs and closes his eyes.

“Did your necklace-?” Wilbur goes to ask, cutting off with a short cough that sounds terrible, something dry and painful. Phil gives a sympathetic noise and rubs a hand at Wilbur’s back.

“Shh. No, my necklace- It’s broken. Still broken from before, I’m afraid.”

“You can’t heal.” Technoblade says, like he’s just barely realizing it, and Tommy’s arms grow *tight* around Phil’s torso. “You can’t *heal, shit-*”

“Wait, then-” Tommy raises his head, sniffing and quickly wiping a hand across his face. “How did you...?”

Phil blinks down towards Tommy, his mouth opening, but nothing coming out. He hesitates, and then closes his mouth, leaning down to give a quick peck on the tip of Tommy's nose. It makes him scrunch up his face and make a stupid little expression, and Phil just grins.

"Dad." Techno insists, tugging at Phil's sleeve, and Phil shakes his head. "What happened? I mean- I'm glad you're here, I want to keep you here, but what happened?"

"Someone broke into the house." Phil says simply, short and curt. "Found my grave, and used magic that- usually has strings." He pushes Tommy's hair back, smiles with the fond feeling that settles in his chest.

"*What.*" Wilbur grits out. Phil holds a finger to his own mouth.

"A necromancer. I thought that type of magic was gone to time, but apparently not. They were supposed to revive me to stop you. To-" Phil stops. "They thought that of all people, I would be able to stop this, catch you off guard."

That's what they had wanted, wasn't it. They wanted the apocalypse to stop, and in order for that to happen, they thought it meant the bringers of the apocalypse had to die. It meant that his sons had to die.

It meant that Phil would have to-

The very idea of Phil having to be the one to do that, being *forced* to do such a thing, it leaves a sour taste in his mouth and a sick feeling in his stomach, so he wraps his wings tighter around his family and leans his head against Techno.

"It's fine." Phil reassures, but it feels like he's saying it more to himself. "It's fine, it's fine, it was laughably easy to break out of that type of magic. They couldn't do a thing." That sort of magic was much stronger when Phil was younger. With the one that he faced a few weeks ago, it was hardly anything.

A beat of silence hangs in the air, and Phil can practically hear gears turning in their heads, and when he glances to Wilbur's face, he finds sheer anger painted across his expression.

"They were trying to *use* you." Wilbur hisses out, and Phil gives a smile that's more teeth than anything. "How fucking *dare* they-"

"The person who did it is dead in our hallway." Phil sighs, and he pauses. "Oh, that'll be a pain to wash out..."

Tommy snorts, and Phil feels satisfied with that.

"We can- Does this mean we can go home?" Tommy asks, and his voice fills with hope and something eager. "Can we go home? We can, can't we?"

"No one could stop us." Technoblade mumbles, and Phil gives an agreeing hum. "But would it be safe?"

"You three are strong enough to stay standing, don't you think?" Phil turns his head to look towards Techno, and Technoblade just grunts. "Even so, I would-"

"No, would it be safe for *you*?" He asks. "You can't heal. And I'm not letting you go ahead to try and protect us again."

Phil pauses for a split second. "But-"

"The last time you did that, you died. I'm not letting that happen again. Listen to me. That's *never* happening again."

“I’m still your dad, you know, even if you are taller than me.” Phil says dryly, raising his eyebrows. “You can’t blame me for wanting to protect you, even after I’ve died. I still don’t want you three to be in any unnecessary danger.”

“You protected us our whole lives.” Wilbur says quietly. “Why can’t we return the favor?”

“Yeah.” Tommy agrees, resting his head against Phil’s chest. “We’ve done some crazy shit while you’ve been away. Did you know I can bring down entire mountains?”

“Can you?” Phil asks, with a slight bit of pride in his voice. “That’s incredible.”

“I’ve gotten really strong.”

“I wish I could’ve seen it.” Phil whispers, wings shifting around them all. “I wish it was under different circumstances.”

“You’re here now.” Tommy says. “I can show you now. Or later. When we get home?”

“Home is a long way from here.” Technoblade groans, and Phil laughs a bit under his breath, patting at Techno’s shoulder. “It’ll take weeks.”

“Gives us time to catch up, then.” Wilbur smiles. “Time to run, yes?”

“Running again, just like when we were little.” Technoblade hums. “Ah, memories.”

“Except this time, you’ll all be alright.” Phil says, and he says it with relief.

“Can we go now?” Tommy asks, persistent and impatient. “I don’t want to stay here, let’s go.”

“Okay, okay.”

Less than a mile away, past the smoke of the village, an army comes marching, another attempt at catching the monsters off guard.

It’s a horrid choice to try and attack such monsters when they’ve finally gotten back something so valuable, though.

Chapter End Notes

eyyyy next fic in this series is gonna be fun

thank u for reading *bows*

End Notes

I have made a series thingy for the new AU of an AU. hurrah! *jazz hands*

Thank you for reading. This spin-off thing is fun.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!